

Fire

by Niriiun

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Summary: His eyes held a lick of flame the blocker had never seen before. It made him wonder just where that flame could take the one known as Yamaguchi Tadashi. TsukkiYama.

Fire

This was a drabble request from my tumblr[tsukishimaas]; I take most of my requests there c:

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><p>For as long as he could remember [well, bothered to think about] the other male had always been there. He was a constant presenceâ€” always hovering and doting but never quite stepping over the boundaries. Their respect was mutual; held on a level which wasn't crossed under any circumstances.<p>

So when that voice rang out against his ears, strong and firm, Tsukishima was surprised for one of the first times in his life. The normally shy male had spoken outâ€” he wasn't sure how to react. His eyes held a lick of flame the blocker had never seen before. It was a welcome change, something he did not condone. It made him wonder just where that flame could take the one known as Yamaguchi Tadashi.

At first he left the issue alone. It was like tiptoeing across a fine line. Or playing with fire. Maybe even trying to stay above a rushing current of water. That light in those eyes reminded him of another time, a time he had fought his way with tooth and claw and mind and body. Tsukishima was pleased with the sight; it made him shiver at the raw power his teammate held.

It was true he did not think much of himâ€” but that's just how he was. He kept people at a distance. In a way, you could almost say he was bitter. His urge to alienate himself slowly melted away after that, however. Those eyes had awakened his love for volleyball once

more. He wished to match it, to keep pace with it. Of course, Tsukishima never once voiced these thoughts, not to anyone.

How could he?

So he was silent; he waited. Then he challenged Tadashi to a one-on-one. Whether it was uncharacteristic or not, he wantedâ€”needed, craved, desiredâ€”to see that flame in those eyes once more.

And when they were sweating and panting and nearly aching with the strain of a match that was erased instantly, Tsukishima shoved the shorter male against the wall and latched their lips together. That too was probably uncharacteristicâ€”

He nipped a shuddering throat with a small smirk, and the tiny wheeze that followed was worth it.

"Tsukkiâ€”"

"â€” will you show me that flame again?"

The words were deadly and dripped with a poison that made Tadashi shiver all the way to his toes.

"I-I will â€”"

Tsukishima let just a hint of a smirk cross his faceâ€” before he turned back to his task at hand. And just for a moment, while Tadashi withered and moaned and screamed against the wall, that flame returned.

End
file.